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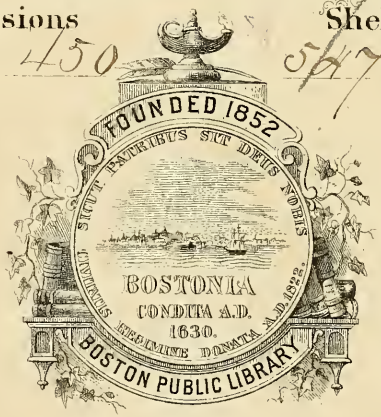

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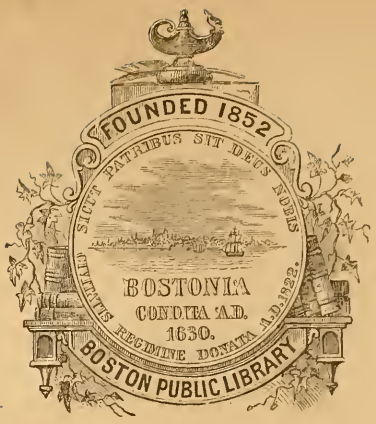

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PAMPHLETS.

Christ.

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SPECIMEN PAGES.

THE MIRACLES of JESUS.

BY

REV. A. A. WILLITS, D.D.

SOLD ONLY BY SUBSCRIPTION.

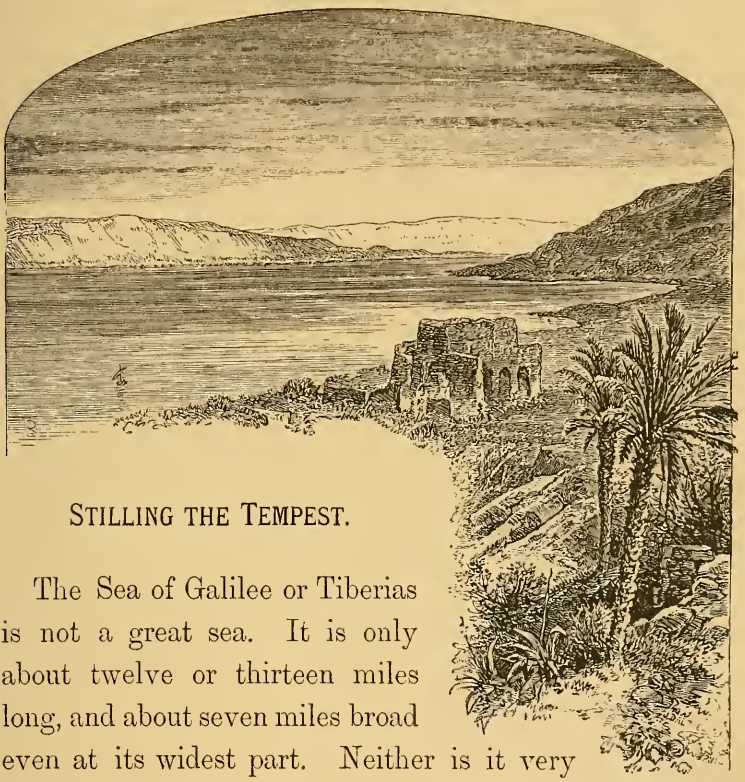
Cowperthwait & Co., Publishers,

Philadelphia.

STILLING
THE
TEMPEST.

"My bark is wafted to the strand
By breath divine,
And on the helm there rests a hand
Other than mine.

"One who has known in storms to sail
I have on board;
Above the raging of the gale
I hear my Lord."



STILLING THE TEMPEST.

The Sea of Galilee or Tiberias is not a great sea. It is only about twelve or thirteen miles long, and about seven miles broad even at its widest part. Neither is it very remarkable, taken as a whole, for its picturesque beauty; there are many at least that surpass it in this respect.

And yet, of all the seas of earth, none arouses the imagination or stirs the soul of the Christian traveler as does this sea. For around these shores, and even over these waters,

> ——"walked those blessed feet
> Which eighteen hundred years ago were nailed
> For our advantage to the bitter cross."

The public life of Jesus had its centre and chief de-

velopment around the Sea of Galilee. Here he selected his apostles; here he wrought some of his mightiest works; and here he delivered some of his most remarkable discourses. It is to this ever-memorable spot the subject of our present contemplation carries us.

It was at the close of a Sabbath day when Jesus, utterly exhausted from continuous and excessive labors, entered one of the little fishing-vessels of his disciples to escape from the multitude to the solitude and quiet of the eastern shore.

From the time he had chosen his twelve apostles he had taken little or no rest. A whole night spent in prayer, succeeded by four days of incessant toil in teaching the crowds that followed him, in debating with the Pharisees and in healing the sick, had made very serious draughts upon his physical nature.

But the throngs grew only the more numerous and clamorous as his fame spread. Unable to endure the strain another hour, Jesus flies from what he cannot support. Matthew says: "*Now when Jesus saw great multitudes about him he gave commandment to depart to the other side.*"

The greatness of the multitudes about him and the urgency of their applications were surely reasons why he should stay rather than go, and reasons which none would feel more keenly than the sympathetic and loving Jesus. There can therefore be but one possible reason for his departure under these circumstances, and that is the one already intimated: Jesus could endure the fatigue no

longer. Ready to sink with exhaustion, he was compelled by physical necessity to withdraw and seek in seclusion the rest and recuperation necessary to enable him to serve them in the future.

The disciples, therefore, dismissing the multitude as best they could, and hurrying Jesus into the boat "*even as he was*"—a phrase plainly indicating the haste of their de-

parture—pushed from the shore, hoisted sail, and directed their course to the other side of the lake.

On the eastern shore runs a green strip about a quarter of a mile wide, beyond which rises to the height of about nine hundred feet an escarpment of desolate hills rent with gray ravines, without tree or village or the least vestige of cultivation. This solitude was the frequent scene of our Lord's retirement when exhausted with labor and seeking the sweet refreshment of uninterrupted communion with nature and God. Toward this seclusion they now direct their course.

Aided by the inspired record, let us follow in imagination the little ship as she moves quietly off with her

precious freight; for never did waves of the sea bear a nobler burden than that little fishing-boat which carried as her passenger the Redeemer of the world.

The scene and circumstances are not without their charm. A sail on the bosom of almost any lake in the calm evening of a summer's day is soothing and pleasant, but it would be peculiarly so on the Sea of Galilee, for it was then one of the most attractive inland seas of the world—the "Como" of Palestine—its cities beautiful with palaces and gardens and populous with life, and its shores green and golden with luxuriant culture.

Josephus, in a passage of glowing admiration, after describing the sweetness of its waters, the delicate temperature of its air and its rich productions, its palms, vines, oranges, figs, almonds and pomegranates, and its warm springs, says that the seasons seemed to compete for the honor of its possession, and Nature to have created it as a kind of emulative challenge wherein she had gathered all the elements of her strength.

Overcome by the heat and labors of the day, but now gently cooled by the breeze of the evening and soothed by the sweet scene and the gentle motion of the boat, Jesus, reclining in the "*hinder part of the ship*," made a pillow of the helmsman's cushion, and prepared to rest.

Let not the word pillow, dear reader, betray you into a dream of the soft linen, and softer down, upon which your head nightly rests. Seldom, if ever, did his blessed head rest upon such a pillow as that.

Just before starting upon this voyage, Jesus said to a scribe who—struck by the charm of his teaching and dazzled by the growth of his popularity—had proposed to follow him, "*The foxes have holes and the birds of the air nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head.*"

We do not sufficiently realize how literally true this was. How often was his blessed head without even a boatman's pillow upon which to rest! How often was he without shelter for the night—sleeping in the mountains, under the trees and on the rocks, and waking wet with night dews and rains, and shivering with the cold!

We read of his teaching in the temple during the day; and then we read, "*At night he went out and abode in the Mount of Olives.*" But we too often overlook how much of physical discomfort and suffering may be embraced in such a sentence.

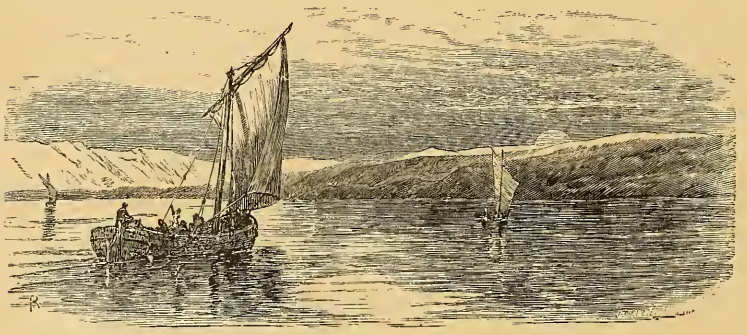
O blessed Son of God, what didst thou not endure when upon earth for us, and for our salvation!

Yes, Jesus was accustomed to a hard bed. His infant head was laid in a manger; his dying head was to be laid on the cross; and so he shrinks not from the hard board and the leathern pillow of the rude fishing-boat. He lies down there without a complaint, and is soon lost in sweet and profound slumber. Then came to pass the saying that is written, "*He giveth his beloved sleep!*"

Jesus sleeps. It is a rare sight. He was in labors often, in rest seldom. His motto was, "*I must work the works of Him that sent me while it is day; the night*

cometh when no man can work." So we hear of his being early in the temple teaching; we hear of his rising a great while before day for devotion; we hear of his continuing a whole night in prayer; we hear of his watching while others slept; and now for the first time we read of his sleeping.

Reverently and gently draw near as the little boat



glides quietly before the soft west wind, and gaze upon the face of this blessed sleeper. It is a face full of sweetness and benignity; a face in which the innocence and purity of childhood blend with the wisdom and soberness of age; a face on which love and mercy have firmly set their seals; and yet a "visage marred" by sorrow and sympathy—sorrow for the sins of the world, sympathy with the sufferings of humanity.

He sleeps sweetly, for he is a laborer; and only those who toil can tell how sweet is rest. He sleeps sweetly, for he is innocent; and a pure conscience is a pillow softer than the down of swans. He sleeps sweetly, for he rests in the bosom of his Father, and fears not.

Happy are they who can thus lie down to rest, weary only with the labors of usefulness or the recreations of innocence, who fearless, because trustful, can, as they lie down at peace with God and man, look up and say with the devout Psalmist, "*I will both lay me down in peace and sleep; for thou, Lord, only makest me to dwell in safety.*"

But let us now turn from this peaceful sleeper to those who are awake in the little craft.

The few moments we have been occupied have wrought a great change both in them and their surroundings. Their countenances are full of alarm, and by their glances northward and skyward you at once discover that their anxiety is caused by the rapidly changing state of the atmosphere. The shadows of night are settling down upon them, and the darker shadows of an approaching tempest. The fair and gentle wind has expired, and the empty sail flaps idly to and fro against the spars. A boding silence reigns, the prelude of the hurricane; a dull, muttering sound rolls o'er the distant hills, disturbs the flood, and yet without a breath. The dark clouds swing out their sable wings both right and left like the shadowy cohorts of an approaching army. They know what it all means, these experienced fishermen; they know with what sudden fierceness the cold, heavy winds from the snowy ranges of Lebanon and Hermon often swoop down upon the deep basin of Galilee; they have seen such signals before, but never more threatening than to-night.

They say but little, for silence is the instinctive tribute

which the soul pays in such an hour to the majesty of Nature and Nature's God. But though silent, they are not inactive. They take in their sail—every inch of it; they make everything as secure as possible, and await the bursting of the storm.

They do not wait long. Hark! what sound is that? It is the roar of the coming tempest as it sweeps through the funnel-like ravines of the Perean hills.

Now it smites the lake and lashes it into an instant frenzy.

The multitudinous waves come bounding and roaring like a thousand lions in conflict. The white crests gleam through the darkness like the teeth of ravenous beasts. Ah, those cruel waves! what myriads have they devoured!

The little craft careens to her deck as the tempest strikes her, then, veering around with her head from the blast, flies like an affrighted living creature.

The whole sea is now foaming in rage. The white-capped waves scud like spirits from another world before the breath of the hurricane, and the black wind-flaws pursue them, shrieking like demons upon a mission of destruction. It is a terribly sublime scene, and the darkness of the night adds both to the terror and the sublimity.

And yet amid all this Jesus sleeps! The sharp gleam of the lightning, the crash of the thunder, the roar of the storm and the cries of the seamen, all combined, do not shake him from his deep and profound slumber. The rain beats upon his face, the spray drives across it, and yet he sleeps! It is as if the very soul of consciousness were gone up in a holy dream to bask in the divine peace and rest of his heavenly home.

Why this strange profundity of slumber? Ah! it tells a story that we are all too apt to forget—the story of his true humanity ofttimes utterly exhausted in labors of love and sympathy for man.

Look at him lying there in this strange hour, amid this wild and stormy scene, the rain and spray drenching his body, his head and pillow wet by the driving storm, his calm and benignant face lighted up by the glittering flashes that set the night ablaze. Oh, look upon this King of angels and men, descended to this mortal plight, and see how truly he humbled himself to our low estate, to all its exposures and tempests, that he might guide us poor storm-tossed and storm-driven wanderers to that celestial haven

"Where tempests never beat nor billows roar."

O great and blessed Benefactor of our race, thou dost sleep through this wild storm because exhausted with the virtues and works that have gone out of thee!

The warrior sleeps deeply when he has returned spattered and spent from the bloody horrors of battle.

The devotee of pleasure sleeps heavily after the night of dissipation.

Jesus sleeps profoundly because he has poured himself so completely out in works of mercy and love to the sick, the sorrowing and the poor.

Sleep on, exhausted goodness! Take thy rest even in the bosom of the storm! For it is thy Father's bosom, in which thou dost always rest, and where they who are weary in works of love may safely trust, and sink so deep in peace that even the thunders of the tempest may not arouse them.

The little vessel is skillfully managed by the disciples in this fierce conflict of the elements. They cannot, it is true, bear up against such a blast; they cannot hold their desired course toward the east. They must let her drive before the gale. Yet experienced hands hold the helm and keep the ship straight before the wind and sea; and, as the wilder waves ever and anon break over and into her, strong hands and brave hearts cast the waters out again.

But every rod they fly to leeward increases their danger, giving more sweep to the hurricane and more swell to the sea. The fury of the blast and the height of the waves increase every moment. It is only with the

utmost strength and skill that they can keep the little craft before the sea.

One single lurch to right or left would place them sidewise in the treacherous trough, where they would instantly capsize and sink.

But although they manage to keep the ship fairly before the tempest, a new danger now threatens them. The seas, swelling into gigantic breakers, are *overreaching* them and breaking in upon the deck and hold. The flood comes in now faster than all hands can cast it out. The waves hurl themselves upon her with such force and with such fierce rapidity that she begins to founder beneath a weight too great either to cast off or surmount. They look up, and, as Matthew expresses it, they behold her "*covered with the waves.*"

Mark says, "*The waves beat into the ship, so that it was now full.*"

Luke says, "*They were filled with water, and were in jeopardy.*"

Human skill and strength are impotent under such circumstances, and therefore these strong men, these experienced mariners, give up in despair, and with vehement and agonized voice cry out, "*Master, Master, save! we perish!*"

That cry was never uttered in the Saviour's ear in vain. The storm cannot wake him; the elements clash around his head unheeded; but one touch from the hand of an alarmed disciple, one earnest cry in his ear, "MASTER, SAVE!" and he is instantly aroused. The ap-

peal of distress, the softest call for compassion, is louder than the thunders of the tempest.

"*And he arose and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace, be still.*"

Yes, if he sleeps as a *man*, he wakes as a GOD. He is neither flurried nor startled by the tumult. There is neither look, tone nor action indicating the least confusion or alarm. The hurricane that shakes the courage and baffles the skill of the hardy fishermen does not for an instant ruffle the deep and calm serenity of the Son of God. In the divinest sense he is instantly master of the situation.

With a few quiet words he stills the tempest in their fearful souls; and then with a voice of authority and power he instantly calms the raging of the sea and wind.

Sublime spectacle! He sleeps, and the tempest rages with uncontrolled fury! He wakes, and lays the storm in a slumber profounder than his own!

Was there ever anything more simple and yet sublimely grand than this exhibition of the divine power of the Son of God?

Call up the whole scene—the night, the storm, the darkness, the roaring waves, the howling winds, the tossing bark, the fears and cries of the mariners, and then behold JESUS—suddenly aroused from sleep, with all these confused sounds breaking together upon his ear—rising from that half-emerged deck, his hair streaming in the wind and his drenched garments fluttering for a moment in the gale, without a sign of confusion or a

tremor of alarm, but with calm majesty and almighty power stretching forth his hand into the darkness and tempest and simply saying,

"PEACE, BE STILL!"

And instantly the wind drops, and the sea falls as if smitten with a sudden palsy. Nature at once recognizes the voice of her Lord and Master! He speaks to the winds, and they fold their wings to sleep beside him! He speaks to the waves, and they cease their roaring to lie down at his feet! And over all those miles of angry and agitated water, and through all those leagues of wild and rushing air, at the first sound of his mandate there falls a great calm.

This miracle was wrought for us as well as for those who witnessed it, not only that we might believe in the

divine nature and mission of the Son of God, but that we might realize him to be "*a very present help in trouble.*"

> "Life is a sea; though fair its face,
> And smooth its dimpled waters' pace,
> Its canopy all pure,
> Yet rocks below and tempests sleep
> Insidious o'er the glassy deep,
> And leave no hour secure."

Fair as life may seem to the young voyager just starting forth with light sails spread and gay streamers flying to the propitious breeze, yet *storms will surely arise;* no human life can escape them. The hours will come when the sun will be hidden from our sight; when dark and portentous clouds will overshadow us; when the streamers will have to be taken down, the sails reefed for the gale, and the deck cleared for the terrible conflict of the elements; when fearful flashes will startle us and mighty thunders shake our souls; when the waves will swell into moving mountains beneath us, the hurricane roar frightfully around us, and our little bark "*reel to and fro and stagger like a drunken man,*" and we be at our "wit's end." Then shall we cry out in our extremity and anguish for some one to help us. And this story of the power and grace of the Son of God is to teach us upon whom to call.

Ah! blessed shall even the storm be that drives us to Christ, and that constrains us to cry in earnest unto him.

The storms of life are far from being unmitigated evils. Many souls that have forgotten God in the fair day of prosperity have been led to seek and find him in the day

of trouble. When the night came down in blackness and fearful clouds overspread them and a terrible tempest was upon them, then they looked up. And, lo! through the rifts of the storm there shone a star of hope and salvation!

And now, with hearts trembling with joy and eyes glistening with tears of gratitude, they sing the sweet old hymn,

"Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark;
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.

"Deep horror then my vitals froze;
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose:
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

"It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm and danger's thrall,
It lead me to the port of peace.

"Now safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem!"

But let us not suppose that when we have found Christ we are thenceforth to be exempt from storms of trouble and tempests of affliction. It was to his own disciples he said, "*In the world ye shall have tribulation;*" but he also graciously added, "*Be of good cheer; I have overcome the world.*"

We may therefore learn an important lesson from this

thrilling incident in the life of Christ's disciples, *viz.: The servants of Christ, even when in the path of duty, are exposed to storms and trouble.*

Here we see the disciples of Jesus—men who had given up all for his sake, who were daily serving him and showing to the world how sincerely they believed on him and how truly they loved him—here we see these men in great trouble, driven by a dreadful hurricane, tossed up and down by this fearful tempest, and apparently in danger of perishing in the sea.

Now, we are sure that He who could thus by a word calm the tempest and assuage the sea could just as easily have prevented its coming, or directed its course so that it should not have crossed their path. And why did he not do this? Evidently because he saw that it was best for them to pass through it, and be made to realize their own impotency and his mighty power to deliver.

And oh, was not such an experience worth all the peril and alarm through which they went to obtain it? Could they ever doubt his sympathy for them, or his power to deliver, after that?

What could He not do for them, who could thus still the raging tempest at a word? Surely after such an experience they would be able to say:

"Our divine Lord and Master is equal to all emergencies. Nothing is impossible to him; no difficulties within us or without us but he can conquer; no stormy passions in man or nature so strong but he

can tame them; no temper so rough and violent but he can change it; no sea or soul so disquieted but he can speak peace to it and make it calm. No man need doubt nor despond who commits his soul to the keeping of such a master. Jesus will carry him through every danger."

With what new significance and emotion would they now in every peril be able to sing the old triumphant Psalm!—

"God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea; though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof."

We must not expect, therefore, dear Christian, a smooth and unruffled sea on our way to heaven. We must "*count it no strange thing*" if we have buffetings and trials, losses and disappointments, sicknesses and bereavements. Christ, our blessed Master, has indeed promised to bring us in the end to a peaceful haven, but he has not promised us a fair wind and a smooth sea all the way there. Nay, on the contrary, he has plainly informed us that we shall have "tribulations." It is a part of our moral education to pass through these storms. There are many precious lessons for us to learn and many noble graces to gain by such discipline.

No great characters have ever been formed in this world without self-denial and suffering.

To what a noble moral stature did St. Paul attain! But

by what process was that splendid soul developed? By a life of the most astonishing toil and peril.

"In perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils of mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren; in weariness and painfulness, in watching often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness."

Even now we are often permitted to see how good it is for us to be "afflicted," but we shall see and understand it far better hereafter. In the future world we shall see how closely these trials were connected with our salvation, and how these light afflictions worked out for us "a *far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.*" Then shall we thank God for every storm that taught us our own weakness and a Saviour's power, patience and love!

History tells us that Julius Cæsar was at sea in a little boat when a terrible storm came on, and he inspired the courage of his men by telling them their little boat bore *Cæsar and his fortunes.* But, behold, a greater than Cæsar is here. The disciples, therefore, showed great want of faith, and gave way to unseemly fear, when we consider the fact that their Lord and Master was with them in the ship. It was a very impatient and improper spirit, to say the least, with which they cried, "*Master, carest thou not that we perish?*"

And yet how tenderly he deals with them! He gives them no keen retort, no sharp reproof, he makes no

threat of casting them off for their unbelief; he simply says, "*Why are ye so fearful? How is it that ye have no faith?*"

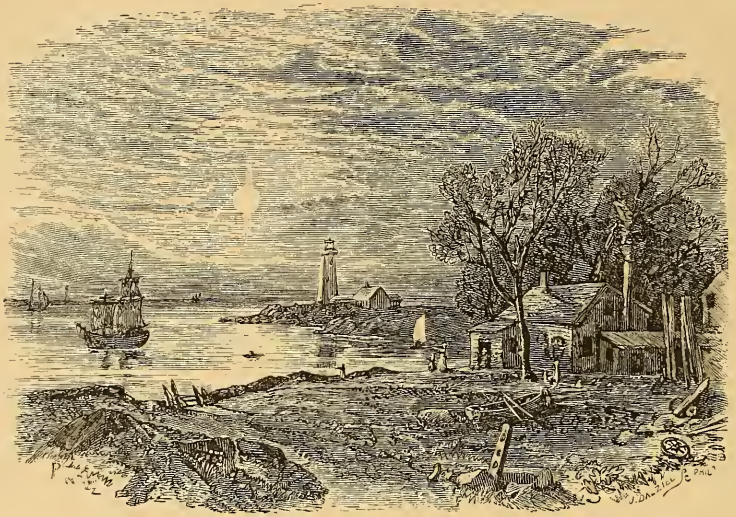
Oh, surely the Lord is pitiful and full of tender mercy. He does not deal with his children according to their sins, but is long-suffering toward them. He sees their weakness, he knows the defects of their faith and courage, and yet he does not cast them off. He bears with them continually. Having loved them, he loves them to the end.

O gentle Jesus, how infinite is thy tenderness! Where should we all have been but for thy forbearance? The most patient angel of heaven would have wearied of us long since. Surely it is of thine infinite mercy alone we are not all consumed. We think of the patience of Jesus toward his weak and erring disciples, and the thought is very sweet that he is still the same. Ah! how full of soothing and comfort is this sentence!—

"JESUS CHRIST, THE SAME YESTERDAY, TO-DAY AND FOR EVER."

Yes, the same human sympathy, the same patient love, the same almighty energy, as when he stood up in the little ship in that night of storm and darkness and fear, and with words of soothing power stilled the tempest and calmed the souls of his disciples!

Another thing we should remember. It is that, although storms are not pleasant to pass through, they not only ennoble and enrich the character by their disciplinary power, but *they greatly enhance by contrast the very joys of heaven itself.*



Behold yon weatherbeaten bark just coming into port. Her sails are tattered and her spars are broken. She has reached the desired haven at last, but oh what a struggle the crew have had for it! Ofttimes they seemed near to port, but contrary gales and adverse currents drove them back again. At length a tempest more violent than any they had yet encountered broke upon them. To all human appearance, they must be lost. "Sails ripped, seams opening wide," could it be that they were doomed to perish at last, even at the haven's mouth?

How the sea raged! How the hurricane shrieked! How the good ship groaned like a human soul in her desperate struggles with the tempest! and oh how the poor mariner lifted up his heart to Him that "ruleth the waves," and earnestly begged to be permitted to see home and wife and little ones once more!

The prayer is heard and answered, the winds retire howling to their lairs, and, as if an angel's hand poured oil upon the troubled waters, the sea abates; there is a great calm.

The morning dawns; with it comes a clear sky and a soft, fair wind; the reefs are shaken out, yards sent aloft, every tattered sail spread to the favoring breeze, and with joy the rescued mariner glides into the desired haven.

Ah! how sweet the placid waters appear to his eyes! How pleasantly secure seems the land-locked bay! And yonder curls the smoke of his own humble but beloved home. He directs his glass thither, and sees his wife and little ones out upon the greensward straining their eyes seaward as if they recognized, although tattered and storm-beaten, the well-known and long-expected sail.

The hardy mariner's lip trembles and he wipes away a tear as he thinks of the dangers he has passed, and the joy of meeting his beloved ones never seemed half so sweet before.

So shall it be with the Christian mariner.

When—the storms all weathered and the ocean crossed—he

> "Shoots into port at some well-haven'd isle
> Where spices breathe and brighter seasons smile."

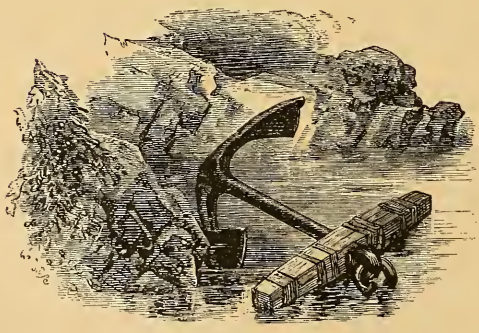
the perils through which he has passed to reach that blessed shore, will only enhance the rapture of his home-coming.

The dark clouds, the howling winds and the tempestuous seas of earth shall only make brighter and lovelier

the crystal and placid waters, the green and golden shores of heaven.

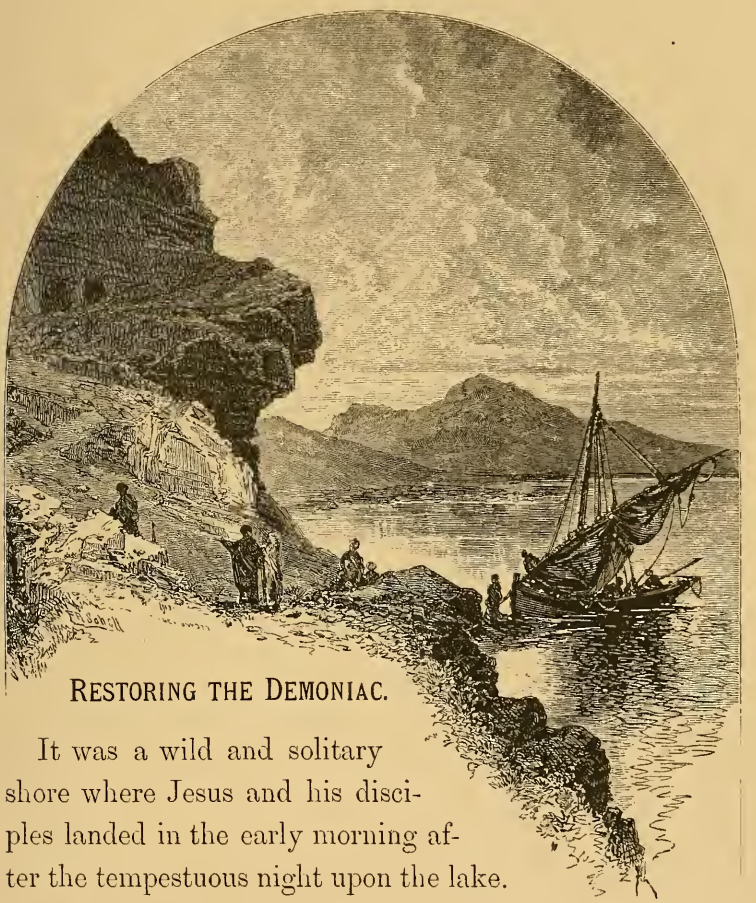
The beauty and grandeur of the starry heavens are only to be seen when their lustres are set against the brow of night. And so the night and storm and darkness of time shall present the contrasting background, over against which the glories of heaven shall stand out with unspeakable splendor.

"City of the pearl-bright portal,
City of the jasper wall,
City of the golden pavement,
Seat of endless festival,
City of Jehovah, Salem,
City of eternity,—
To thy bridal halls of gladness
From this prison would I flee,
Heir of glory,
That shall be for thee and me."



RESTORING
THE
DEMONIAC OF GADARA.

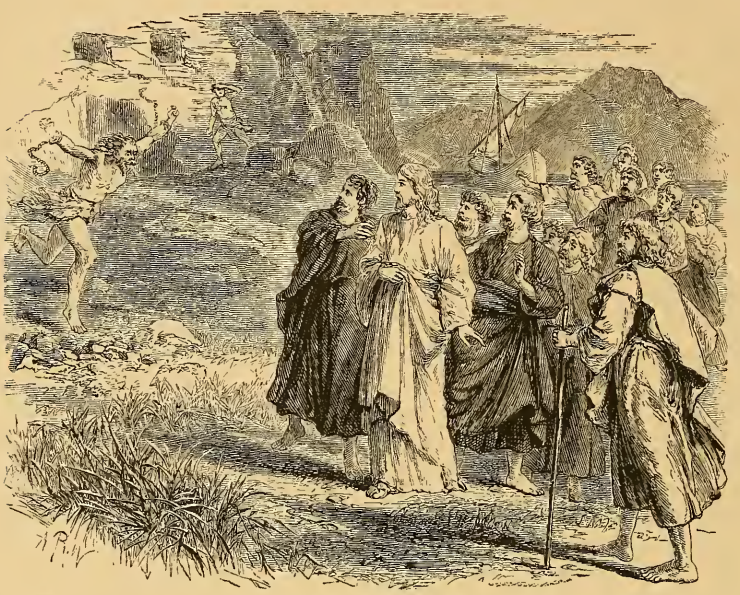
"Him the almighty power
Hurl'd headlong flaming from the ethereal sky,
With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
In adamantine chains and penal fires,
Who durst defy th' Omnipotent to arms."



RESTORING THE DEMONIAC.

It was a wild and solitary shore where Jesus and his disciples landed in the early morning after the tempestuous night upon the lake. The landing-place is located by the best authorities near the mouth of the *Wady Semakh*. Here all the peculiar topographical features required by the narrative of the evangelist seem to be fully met.

There is a high mountain with large cavern-tombs in its sides and a steep declivity to the lake, and near by are the ruins of an old town, called by the natives *Kerza*,



It was a most fearful and appalling sight, therefore, when this devil-haunted maniac, in savage nakedness and demoniac fury, his body all torn and bloody from self-inflicted tortures, came rushing down the ravine with wild screams and fierce gestures upon these new invaders of his dominions.

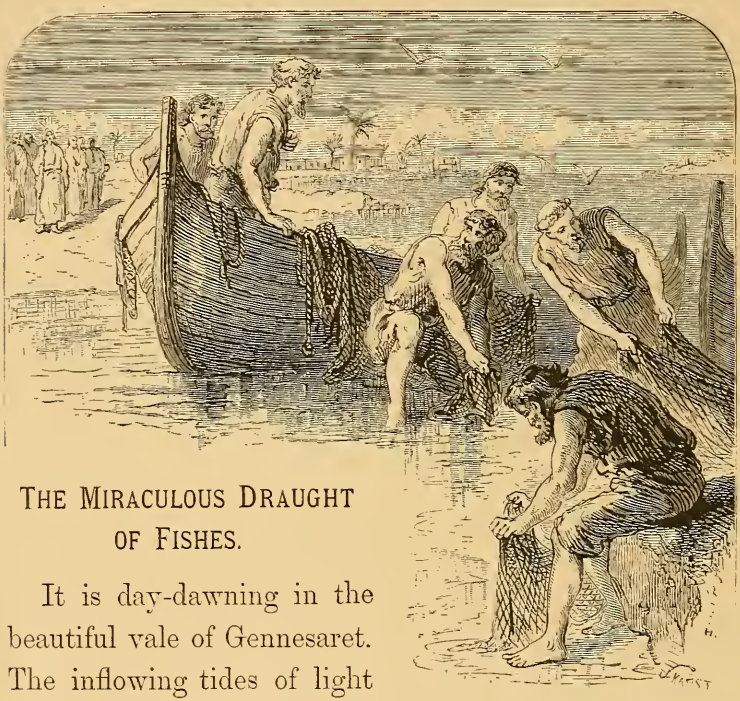
The startled and terrified fishermen would gladly have fled to the shelter of their ship, but Jesus with the calm majesty of almighty power continued to advance; and to the amazement of the disciples, the furious madman as he drew near, instead of falling fiercely upon Jesus, fell a prostrate suppliant before him. He who so lately by a single sentence arrested the fury of the tempest now by a simple *look* brings this furious maniac in humble sub-

TURNING WATER INTO WINE.

It is a beautiful and most significant fact that the first miracle of Jesus was performed at a marriage festival.

This wedding that was honored by the presence and grace of Christ, and made for ever the most memorable wedding in history, was celebrated in the peaceful and lovely little town of Cana, some three miles north-east of Nazareth, lying in the lap of the Galilean hills like a bird in its nest.

The names of the wedded pair are unknown. It is surmised that they were relatives of Mary, the mother



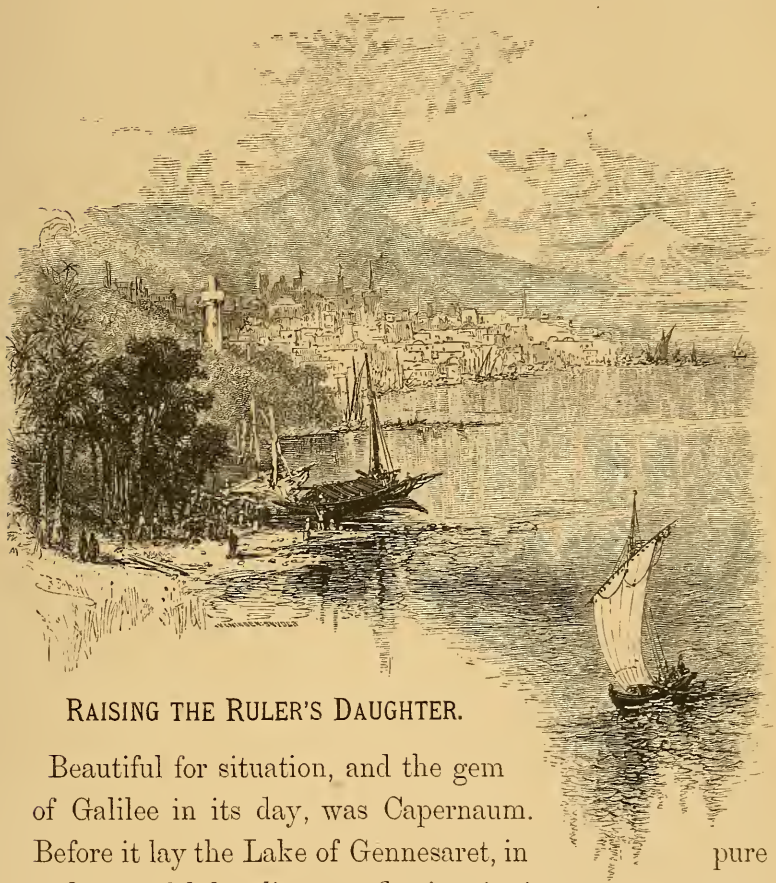
THE MIRACULOUS DRAUGHT OF FISHES.

It is day-dawning in the beautiful vale of Gennesaret. The inflowing tides of light are flooding the empurpled sky with tints of celestial glory.

The flowers and shrubs, refreshed by dew out of the cool cisterns of the night, are filling all the air with their fresh and fragrant breath.

The feathered minstrels of the garden and the grove are pouring forth from every tree and bush their sweet melodies.

The mist that has been hanging over the water is now rising, and transfigured by the light, seems a veil of silvery brightness which the unseen hands of angels are lifting up; while the lake, as yet unruffled by the breeze, is reproducing in its calm clear depths with ex-



RAISING THE RULER'S DAUGHTER.

Beautiful for situation, and the gem of Galilee in its day, was Capernaum. Before it lay the Lake of Gennesaret, in pure and peaceful loveliness, reflecting in its waters the white stone of its dwellings and the marble pillars and porticoes of its palaces. Behind it, hills rising with gentle ascent, and enameled with the richest verdure, encircled a paradise of beauty through which crystal streams flowed and sparkled, and along whose borders flowers and shrubs in great variety spread their foliage to the sun and scattered their fragrance upon the breeze.

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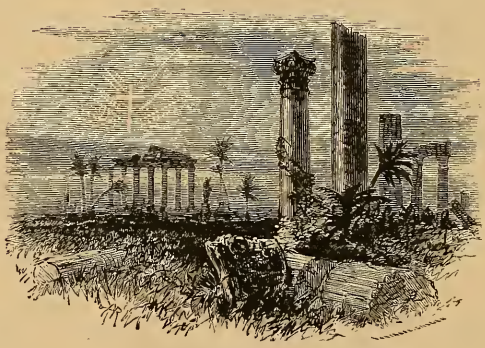

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